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RAID OF THE
CONFEDERATE CAVALRY
THROUGH CENTRAL TENNESSEE

IN OCTOBER, 1863

COMMANDED BY GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER.

A PAPER READ BEFORE

THE OHIO COMMANDERY OF THE LOYAL LEGION

APRIL 1, 1908

BY

WILLIAM L. CURRY,
CAPTAIN 1ST OHIO VOL. CAVALRY.

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William T. Curry,

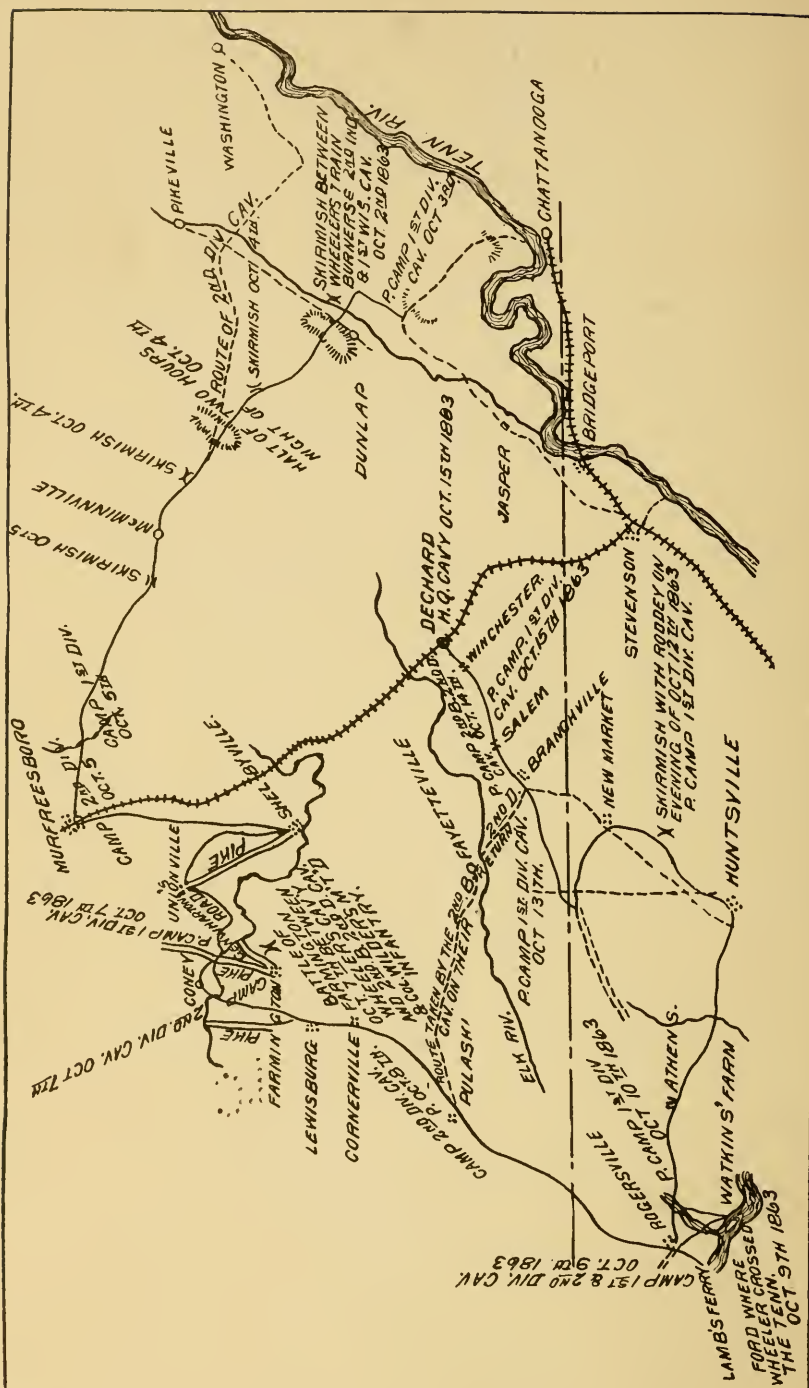
Captain 1st Ohio Volunteer Cavalry,

of

Columbus, Ohio,

Read before The Ohio Commandery
of The Loyal Legion,

April 1, 1908.



RAID OF THE Confederate Cavalry Through Central Tennessee

IN OCTOBER, 1863

COMMANDED BY GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER

Two days after the battle of Chickamauga, fought September 19th and 20th, 1863, the 2d Cavalry Division, Army of the Cumberland, commanded by General George Crook, entered Chattanooga, forded the Tennessee River and went into bivouac opposite the town.

The Division crossed the Tennessee to the South, some distance below Stevenson, Alabama, September 2d, and had been in the saddle continuously for twenty days. The horses were much jaded and had great need of shoeing and rest. The troopers were worn out, uniforms, arms and equipments required repairs and renovating.

We had not seen our wagon train for a month, and the officers, not having a change of clothing during the campaign, were neither comfortable nor presentable.

It was hoped that we would at least get a few days rest, but we were doomed to disappointment, for in two days we were destined to start on another hard campaign, which up to that time had not had a parallel in the annals of the Cavalry service of that Army.

The Division was composed of nine regiments of Cavalry and one Battery of Artillery.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Commanded by Col. Robert H. G. Minty.

3d Indiana—Lieut. Col. Robert Klein.

4th Michigan—Maj. Horace Gray.

7th Pennsylvania—Lieut. Col. James S. Seibert.

4th United States—Captain James B. McIntyre.

Chicago Board of Trade Battery (one section)—Capt. James H. Stokes.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Colonel Eli Long commanding.

1st Ohio Cavalry—Major Thomas J. Patton.

3d Ohio—Lieut. Col. Charles B. Seidel.

4th Ohio—Lieut. Col. Oliver P. Robie.

2d Kentucky—Col. Thomas P. Nicholas.

Chicago Board of Trade Battery (one section)—Capt. James H. Stokes.

The 2d Brigade had been handled pretty roughly during the last days' battle of Chickamauga, having lost 136 men out of a total of 900.

Col. Valentine Cupp, the brave commander of the 1st Ohio, had been killed and a number of other officers of the Brigade had been killed or wounded, among whom was Lieutenants Neff, Cilly, and Henry, 4th Ohio, and Captain Zacharay and Lieutenants Griffith, Ayres, Calder and Brooks of the 2d Kentucky.

Major Thomas J. Patton, familiarly called "Rough and Ready Tom," who was never so happy as when in the "melee," on the death of Col. Cupp had succeeded to the command of the 1st Ohio. In some of the regiments new faces were at the head of companies, squadrons and battalions, for not only had the ranks been decimated, but many officers were "hors de combat."

There was many a trooper who longed to see the old officers riding at the head of their commands, but the young leaders commanding had all been tried in the fire of battle and had not been found wanting—all as true as steel.

The 1st Brigade 2d Cavalry Division, commanded by Col. R. G. Minty, fought on the extreme left during the battle of Chickamauga and were hotly engaged. Colonel Minty, in his report, states that the loss in the brigade during the campaign was less than one hundred.

The situation was critical, as rations, ammunition and all kinds of supplies were short, and it was a question whether Rosecrans could hold Chattanooga.

The enemy commanded the main part of the river road from Bridgeport to Chattanooga, and all supplies had to be hauled by wagon over a long rough route through the Sequatchie Valley and across Walden's Ridge. Rosecrans, himself, a discrete and wily strategist, knew his astute antagonist well and fully realized that Bragg would

make a supreme effort to cut off the "Cracker line" of the Union Army at any sacrifice.

Rosecrans, anticipating a Cavalry raid on his line of supplies, made rapid disposition of his Cavalry to meet and frustrate the enemy, should such an expedition be undertaken. General Joseph Wheeler, Commander of General Bragg's Cavalry Corps, was ordered to equip his command for such an expedition and he rapidly concentrated all his available Cavalry, being re-inforced by a division of General Forrest's command.

General Rosecrans, through General George H. Thomas, who had charge of the Secret Service of the Army of the Cumberland, was kept informed of these movements of the enemy. To General Ed. McCook, commanding the 1st Cavalry Division, was assigned the duty of guarding the river below Chattanooga toward Bridgeport.

General Crook, commanding the 2d Division, was ordered to patrol and guard the river to the northeast and resist any effort of the enemy to force a crossing, as it was thought the movement would be made by the left flank of our army.

At dawn, September 26th, "boots and saddles" were sounded, and with "five days' rations in their haversacks," the 2d Cavalry Division, with blast of bugles and guidons fluttering in the balmy September breeze, left their bivouac near Chattanooga armed and equipped and ready to scout, raid or fight.

On the 28th we arrived at Washington, a little cross road town about 50 miles from Chattanooga and three miles distant from the Tennessee River. Here General Crook established his headquarters and distributed his command along the river near the many fords that could be easily crossed by Cavalry at this season of the year.

The country was very rough near the river with bluffs, hills and ravines, and in many places heavily timbered. The patrol duty was very laborious and difficult, and the fords thus screened, could be easily crossed by the enemy unobserved during the night time. Wheeler's forces made several feints which were intercepted by our Cavalry, but on the night of the 29th, they forced a crossing at Cotton Port, three miles from Washington.

This ford was guarded by a battalion of the 1st Ohio, commanded by Major J. W. Scott, who made a strong resistance, but the enemy opened up with a battery and he was compelled to fall back with a loss

of about 20 men wounded and taken prisoners, including Captain Conn, severely wounded.

The rebels surrounded a picket post of the 1st Ohio and sent in a flag of truce, demanding their surrender, but instead of surrendering, they made a dash through the lines and made their escape.

The batallion in which I commanded a company of the 1st Ohio was stationed at a ford about three miles north of Cotton Port where the principal part of Wheeler's command crossed. On hearing the artillery firing the morning of the 30th, we mounted and prepared to resist an attack which was momentarily expected at the ford we were guarding. In a few minutes a staff officer dashed up with orders for the batallion to report at Washington at once.

We moved out at a gallop and in half an hour we arrived at Division headquarters. General Crook, surrounded by his staff, was mounted and all was excitement. Crook was giving orders to his Brigade Commanders, Staff Officers and Orderlies were galloping off on the several roads carrying orders. The artillery was ready for action—companies, batallions and regiments were swinging into line, and horses, as well as officers and troopers, seemed to imbibe of the general feeling that there was fight in the air. There was a thrill in that hour of preparation and concentration of troops that is indelibly stamped on the memory of every survivor of Crook's Cavalry Division, who rode across the State of Tennessee in pursuit of Wheeler's bold raiders.

As soon as Wheeler's command crossed the river they moved rapidly down the valley toward Chattanooga. Crook concentrated his scattered forces as rapidly as possible and started in pursuit. We only marched about ten miles, passing Smith's Cross Roads on the 30th and bivouacked for the night in a drenching rain which continued until morning.

On the morning of October 1st, we took the pass up Raccoon Mountain, reaching the top of the mountain at dusk and bivouacked with rain pouring in torrents all night. Colonel Miller, commanding a brigade of mounted infantry, did not reach the crest of the mountain until the morning of the 2d, and that morning we descended the mountain into the Sequatchie Valley at Pitts' Cross Roads. At this time the enemy had from twelve to fourteen hours the start of Crook's Division. Wheeler had divided forces, a division crossing the Cumberland Moun-

tains by way of Pikeville, while the balance of his command marched down the valley toward Dunlap and, as was afterwards learned, ascended the mountain from that point. Of these movements of the enemy Crook kept well informed through his scouts and prisoners captured.

On the afternoon of the 2d, we took Robinson's trace up the Cumberland Mountains and reached the top about midnight. The pass was very difficult, and both men and horses were very much exhausted by the hard night march. We were in the saddle at day break and marched rapidly across the mountain, descending late in the evening. Had some skirmishing during the day with the enemy's rear guard, and on descending the mountain struck the enemy in strong force and had some sharp fighting, lasting about two hours and drove the enemy, which proved to be a brigade of Crew's Texans and Martin's Division, about three miles until the dense darkness prevented further pursuit. The loss in Crook's division was forty-six killed and wounded. Miller's brigade, armed with their Spencer seven shooters, had the advance and bore the brunt of the fight. The roar of their rapid firing guns, with the bright flashes, presented a magnificent scene in the darkness. No doubt the loss of the enemy was heavy, but could not be ascertained. Crook had Crew's brigade completely surrounded with dismounted cavalry and infantry, but darkness coming on our men could not distinguish the enemy from our own forces and were afraid to fire when the enemy commenced breaking through our lines. As our men were under cover and the enemy in the open, if there had been another hour of daylight, Crook would have destroyed or captured a large part of Crew's brigade.

Having left Chattanooga September 26th with five days' rations, and this being the seventh day out, our rations were all exhausted. As we halted on the mountain during the day, the men cut down many chestnut trees to get the chestnuts to eat.

The next morning our breakfast consisted of about two little hard sour apples to the man in my own company, and we considered ourselves fortunate at that, as but few troopers in the command got even that much. One of Napoleon's maxims of war was that to get good fighting out of a soldier, good care must be taken of his stomach. In this instance the maxim of the great warrior seems to have been overlooked by our commander, but presume his rations was about the same

as the balance of the command. As we had the enemy on the run, with a prospect of a fight every day, this kept the command in buoyant spirits notwithstanding the short rations.

Looking back after a period of forty-five years has elapsed, it seems almost incredible that soldiers could have stood such service, subsisting on such meager rations, the enemy having stripped the country of provisions as they advanced.

Crook had now driven Wharton's command over two high mountain ranges, but Wheeler, with the balance of his forces under his immediate command, had been having a hot time in the Sequatchie Valley. He had marched rapidly down the Valley and at Anderson's Cross-roads attacked a large wagon train hauling supplies for Rosecrans' Army at Chattanooga. There was from 800 to 1000 wagons and ambulances in the train. The light train guard of cavalry and infantry put up a good fight but were driven from the train into the woods by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, but not until they had unhorsed a large number of Wheeler's troopers. Wheeler's men commenced selecting out the best teams and wagons, then proceeded to kill many of the mules, burning the other wagons with supplies. When it was learned that Wheeler's forces had crossed the Tennessee and were marching down the Sequatchie Valley, anticipating his designs on the supply train, Col. Ed. McCook, commanding the 1st Cavalry Division, guarding the river south of Chattanooga, was ordered to move rapidly with his command up the Valley to meet the enemy. As has already been stated, it had been raining heavily and the roads were almost impassible for artillery in many places, so that his movements were very much impeded.

On October 2d, he struck Wheeler's command at Anderson's Cross-roads where they were busily engaged in plundering the train, killing mules and burning wagons. The 1st Wisconsin and 2d Indiana Cavalry charged into the enemy with the saber and drove them in much confusion from the burning train, capturing many prisoners and releasing some of our prisoners. Wheeler rallied his men and made an effort to stem the tide, but McCook's men again charged his lines with saber, driving his forces rapidly across the Sequatchie Valley all the afternoon, although he made several ineffectual efforts to hold the Union forces in check. Darkness approaching, McCook waited for

the balance of the Division to join him under Mitchell, commander of the Cavalry Corps.

During the night of the 2d, Wheeler pushed on rapidly, crossing the Cumberland Mountains in the direction of McMinnville. The sudden and impetuous attack of McCook so demoralized the Confederate Cavalry that they were compelled to abandon much of their booty. Many of the mules and wagons with supplies were saved and a number of drivers and quartermaster employees came into our lines mounted on mules which they had cut loose from the wagons, riding bare-back minus hats and coats and in rather a delapidated condition. They gave us information of the destruction of the wagon train. When in the valley near Pikeville, the day of the attack on the train, we had heard the explosion of the shells and supposed at the time that a battle was in progress at Chattanooga.

On the morning after the night fight at the foot of the Cumberland Mountains, Crook's men were in the saddle at day break and moved on toward McMinnville, striking the rear guard of the enemy about noon, charged them three or four miles, capturing many prisoners, and recapturing some of our men. Captain Wm. Scott and Lieutenant A. D. Lieb of the 1st Ohio had both been taken prisoners while carrying orders for the concentration of Crook's division the day Wheeler crossed the river.

Captain Scott made his escape during the night fight on the evening of the third and came into our lines. He had been under guard by Crew's Texans and the Captain in command became so enraged at Scott's language, berating the rebels and their cause in language more emphatic than polite, compelled Scott to walk and keep up with the rapid marching Cavalry column under penalty of death.

On the morning of the fourth, Scott, who was one of the bravest little Irish officers in the command, secured a horse and moved out with the advance, swearing dire revenge. In the first charge among the prisoners captured was this same Texan Captain. He was mounted on a large mule and was a fine looking officer. Scott at once took him in charge, made him dismount and as we passed them, Scott was compelling him to empty a large pair of saddle bags fastened to the cantel of his saddle, filled with blue uniforms taken from the supply train in the valley.

The brave Texan looked very much chagrined while the little

Irishman was looking on, taking a grim satisfaction in the proceedings. It is safe to say that the Texan had to take his turn at hoofing it that day. This is but a little incident showing what changes are wrought in the fortunes of war.

We drove the enemy's rear guard rapidly through McMinnville and found that the garrison composed of about 500 new Tennessee recruits, commanded by Major Patterson, had surrendered with but little resistance. Major Patterson claimed that he lost about 40 men, killed, wounded and missing. Wheeler captured many horses and mules and destroyed a large amount of government stores, a train of cars, cut the telegraph wires, destroyed a railroad bridge over Hickory Creek, sacked the town, then pushed on toward Murfreesboro.

As this was Sunday, it disturbed the good citizens of this quiet mountain town in their devotions, but as there were many Union citizens in the town and surrounding country, they hailed with delight the advance of Crook's men. General Crook states in his report that he learned from reliable and intelligent Union men that Wheeler had about 6,000 men in his command, as his full force was concentrated when he descended the Cumberland Mountains. Crook's command numbered at that time about 3,500 effective men.

We struck the enemy's rear guard about three miles from McMinnville and had a sharp skirmish.

The 2d Brigade having the advance, Colonel Long, the brigade commander, at the head of the 2d Kentucky, made a saber charge, driving the rear guard pell mell four or five miles, capturing many prisoners. The rear guard was so hard pressed that a large force of the enemy halted and formed a line of battle. Crook attacked with dismounted infantry and drove them steadily back. Stokes' battery was also brought into action and a very pretty and exciting artillery duel was kept up for sometime. Captain Stokes was particularly distinguished in this fight and soon knocked the Confederate battery out of action. The enemy left the field hurriedly and, darkness coming on, we bivouacked on the field for the night. As we did not have any rations, we laid down supperless, our heads against the roots of pine or cedar trees and slept as soundly from sheer exhaustion as if our heads had been on downy pillows, perchance to dream of the feast of chestnuts we had enjoyed the day before, not forgetting the luscious sour apples on which we breakfasted. The horses fared better than the men, as

there was abundance of corn in the coves and valleys well ripened and more than the horses of Wheeler's command could consume, as we were driving them so rapidly, but all kinds of provisions in their line of march was confiscated. To have forage for his horse was a great comfort to the good Cavalryman, as he would fight for forage for his horse, and go hungry without any grumbling in the excitement of a raid.

The morning of the fifth, we mounted in "hot haste" and again took the enemy's trail as they had escaped from us during the night.

Crook getting information through his scouts, that it was Wheeler's intention to capture Murfreesboro, then destroy the railroad toward Nashville, decided to make a flank movement to thwart Wheeler's plans; thereupon Crook made a rapid move to the right from Readyville, thus throwing his forces between the enemy and Nashville, compelling him to move in a southwesterly direction toward Shelbyville.

We reached Murfreesboro about four o'clock, having marched upward of 40 miles. The two regiments of infantry forming the garrison, with all citizens of the town, were in Fortress Rosecrans, which had been constructed for the protection of the large amount of rations stored.

The garrison was well prepared for the expected attack by Wheeler's forces, and had the attack been made he would undoubtedly have been repulsed with great slaughter. The citizens were greatly alarmed and hailed the advance of Crook's command very cordially. Wheeler's men, under Martin, had made a stubborn resistance all day, forming dismounted along the edge of woods, streams and hills wherever there seemed to be any kind of screen or protection from which they could resist Crook's charging troops.

After entering Murfreesboro, it was found that some of the enemy was hovering around the outskirts of the town toward Shelbyville, taking observations, but evidently afraid to make an attack. A little dash from one of our regiments sent them scurrying off on the gallop, and we were glad to halt for a much needed rest. The garrison was so overjoyed that they were willing to serve the men of Crook's command in every possible way, and hundreds of rations were issued without requisitions. In fact, the men entered the Commissary Department and carried away hams, shoulders, bacon, hard-tack and whatever they cared to take while the guards looked on smiling, offering no objec-

tions. The officers were directed to make the best disposition possible for the comfort of their men, and the 2d Brigade camped in the town. Fires were soon blazing out on the commons and in some instances even in the streets. We had not had any rations for five days, and we were about famished. The men were cautioned not to eat too fast nor too much, but little regard was paid to this precaution, as fires were burning and the men were cooking all night. Forage was issued, horses were unsaddled, and many lay down on the streets among their riders. General Crook gave imperative orders that private property must not be in any manner disturbed, and that he would hold the officers strictly accountable for any violation of the order. There was no necessity for a very vigilant picket during the night, as the enemy was as tired as our own men, and were not anxious for any more fighting, but were more anxious to get away from Crook's command which was pushing them so hard.

The next morning, the 6th, we drew some clothing from the Post Quartermaster for the men who were most needy, and with well-filled haversacks marched about ten miles toward Shelbyville, but did not strike the enemy, and here General Mitchell joined Crook with the First Cavalry Division. That afternoon we lay in bivouac while Crook's scouts were busy locating the enemy.

Although we captured many horses from the enemy, we did not secure a sufficient number to mount our own men whose horses had given out and had to be abandoned. When we left Murfreesboro, about 500 of Crook's men were left there dismounted. The blacksmiths were busy on the afternoon of the 6th shoeing horses as there had been but little time for shoeing since the 1st, and all the blacksmiths could do was to nail the shoes on without fitting.

The morning of the 7th, we marched into Shelbyville, a beautiful little town situated on the banks of Duck River. There was a strong Union element in the town and Colonel Galbrath, who commanded a Union Cavalry Regiment of Tennesseans, resided there. The Union forces had been in possession of the section of the State for so many months that business had been resumed by the merchants. It seemed that Wheeler's men took great delight in destroying and plundering, had stripped the business houses of everything and had the citizens terrorized when he entered the place. The prisoners captured that day

were loaded down with bolts of dress goods, muslins, ribbons and even many ladies' bonnets which they had to abandon with many regrets.

The divisions of Lee and Roddy had been ordered by Bragg to join Wheeler, coming by way of Guntersville and New Market, Alabama, but they failed to arrive at Shelbyville as Wheeler had expected. Martin's Division captured a small garrison at Watrace, burning two or three bridges and had joined Wheeler's main force at Shelbyville. This was the situation on the morning of the 7th when we arrived.

Crook's division moved out on the Farmington Road, while McCook moved on the Unionville Road, on the right bank of Duck River. Crook learning through his scouts that Davidson's division was in line only a few miles from Shelbyville, with his usual energy and eagerness for a fight, ordered the 2d division forward rapidly and about three miles out struck Davidson's division. The mounted infantry having the advance, moved to the attack mounted, opening a sharp fire and the enemy fell back into a wood. The infantry then dismounted and delivered several volleys, driving the enemy in considerable confusion. The 2d brigade was ordered to the front and, headed by Colonel Long, made a saber charge, driving the enemy three miles, killing and wounding many of them, and capturing a large number of prisoners. We then halted for a short time, waiting for the troopers who had dropped behind by reason of jaded horses, to close up, also to allow the guard to come up with the prisoners and let our horses blow. We halted perhaps twenty to thirty minutes, and during that time our men gathered 70 of the enemy's wounded from the woods, some of whom had saber cuts, laid them down on a little green grass plot shaded by trees on one side. Here our surgeons dressed their wounds and worked earnestly and rapidly until we were again ordered forward. The enemy soon made another stand in a cedar thicket and again the infantry dismounted, made the attack, routing them, and the 2d brigade followed up with another saber charge driving them back rapidly in every attack. This mode of attack was kept up for fifteen miles, and during all of that distance we were scarcely out of sight of dead and wounded men, and many wounded and abandoned horses were scattered along the road side. There was plenty of hard fighting, but to Crook's men it was one continuous forward movement, for the enemy was on the run the greater part of the time, although they made several desperate efforts to hold Crook's, now wild and impetuous rough riders in check.

A short distance from Farmington, Wheeler having concentrated his whole command in a strong position in a dense cedar thicket, prepared to make a last desperate defense with his men largely dismounted. Crook at once made the attack with the infantry, as the cavalry could not operate in the thickets, except dismounted. He, therefore, decided to use the same tactics he had been practicing all day. The enemy opened with a battery at a distance of 400 yards with a raking fire of grape and cannister, then charged from the front and on both flanks, but were repulsed. The fire from their battery was terrific, the grape, cannister and shells tearing through the thick brush sounded like a great tornado.

Captain Stokes' battery was brought into action at this critical time, and before he could get his guns into position, the enemy turned their battery fire against him, killing and wounding several men and horses. Captain Stokes took charge of one of his guns, sighting the piece himself, and about the second or third shot, knocked one of the enemy's guns out of action by blowing up a caisson; Crook's infantry dismounted, raised the Yankee Yell and charged, breaking through the enemy's lines, driving them in great confusion, capturing the battery and a large number of prisoners.

Long's brigade was then ordered to charge, and galloping to the front through the lines, passed the captured battery and prisoners, but a short distance from the village found the roads heavily barricaded, manned by dismounted cavalry.

It was now growing quite dark and we were ordered to dismount, but before we could make the attack on the barricades, Colonel Long was ordered to halt and abandon the pursuit.

As Colonel Minty failed to reach the field with the first brigade until after the fighting had ceased, Crook had but Long's brigade and a brigade of mounted infantry. As Crook states in his report he had but 1,500 effective men. No other troops had been in action during the day, and it had been almost one continuous fight from Shelbyville to Farmington, a distance of 15 miles. The prisoners were rounded up and surrounded by a guard. The captured battery and caissons to which were attached mules instead of horses, was parked in the village square. Then we went into bivouac, discussed the victories of the day over our coffee and hard-tack for a short time, cared for the wounded, wrapped our blankets about us, for the night was cool, and were

soon in deep slumber. It was a "red letter day" for Crook's command. It was "up and at them boys" all day. No time to think of thirst or hunger. No time to think of being tired and exhausted. It was "mount and dismount," then on to find the enemy and hit him another hard blow. We kept no count of time, the hours flew like minutes; although the physical strain had been almost to the limit of endurance, it seemed that darkness came all too soon. A few saddles had been emptied and their riders were not present at "Mess" that evening, but had fallen, "booted and spurred," with drawn sabers and faces to the foe.

A few years ago I met in the City of Columbus, Ohio, a Rev. Montgomery, President of a Presbyterian College. In the course of conversation he mentioned that he was born in the State of Tennessee. On inquiry he stated that his father lived near Farmington during the Civil War, and I then mentioned the battle that occurred at that village in the Fall of 1863. He said he had heard his father relate the story of the battle many times. They resided but three miles from Farmington and heard distinctly the rattle of musketry and roar of artillery. His father visited the battle ground early the next morning and assisted in caring for the wounded and burying the dead. His father, in telling of the scenes, spoke of the dead soldiers lying on the field with upturned faces, the drops of dew on their brows glistening in the bright October sun. He said this made such a deep impression upon his young mind that he always associated this incident with every story of battle or battle-field.

Among the killed was Colonel Monroe of the 123d Illinois Infantry, a brave and skillful officer who had rendered most efficient service throughout the campaign. Crook's loss in this fight was 41 killed and wounded.

McCook's division, which had taken the road to the right, did not find any enemy and did not have any fighting during the day.

The next morning, the 8th, it did not take but one note of the reveille to bring us to our feet. At 4 o'clock, and after a hasty cup of coffee and a hard-tack, with little grooming of horses, we were in the saddle. Crook claimed in his report, that if the balance of the command had been on time as he expected, he would have thrown them on the flanks and would have "captured a large portion of Wheeler's command with all of his artillery and transportation." Crook made the fight with this small force against Wheeler's whole command, and not only cap-

tured a battery, but nearly half as many prisoners as he had soldiers in action. Crook had sent out his scouts during the night in all directions to ascertain the movements of the enemy, and learned through them that a large portion of the enemy had retreated on the Pulaski Road. We marched at once on the Pulaski Road, passing through the towns of Lewisburg and Connellsville.

All day we had evidences of the complete rout of the enemy in abandoned baggage, broken wagons, broken down horses, with now and then a few stragglers picked up. All showing the complete demoralization of Wheeler's whole command.

Many of his wounded men were left at farm houses along the road, while squads were deserting his columns, scattering over the country in an effort to escape. We arrived at Pulaski about sun down and just in time to see their rear guard galloping out of town, only firing a few shots.

The First Ohio had the advance, and we galloped through the town, and went into bivouac about a mile from the village, on the Lambs Ferry road. My own company was detailed for picket and were posted in a dense wood, and did not close an eye that night after our hard day's march. Fearing that the men, being so exhausted, might fall asleep, I ordered them to stretch a picket rope across the narrow road 50 yards in advance of the videtts, so that in the event the enemy should make a dash on the pickets, the rope would give them a little check, but the night passed quietly without any demonstrations on the outposts. The advance of Crook's column passed the outpost early on the morning of the 9th, and moved rapidly out on the Lambs Ferry road, leading to the Tennessee River. We did not strike the enemy until we reached Sugar Creek, and here we found a brigade, posted in a strong position to delay the advance, until Wheeler's main force would be safely across the Tennessee. But we gave the brigade a surprise they were little expecting, for instead of fighting them at long range, Crook ordered a saber charge by his advance brigade, and Lieutenant Colonel Patrick, commanding the 5th Iowa Cavalry, lead a most gallant charge with his regiment, killing ten, wounding nine, and capturing upward to seventy prisoners, utterly scattering and demoralizing the whole brigade. From that time on it was simply a race for the river. For the last six or seven miles we were on the gallop and gathered up many stragglers whose horses had given out, many others of the enemy, who could not keep up

with the column, fled to the woods and mountains. No further resistance was offered and when we reached the river we found the enemy had crossed at a Ford just above where Elk River enters the Tennessee. We went into camp at Rogersville, four miles from the Tennessee, on the evening of the 9th, after a continuous campaign in the saddle, marching and fighting since the morning of September 30th, or ten days in all, and had driven Wheeler's forces clear across the State of Tennessee. Quoting from my Diary, I find the following entry on the evening of the 9th. "We hope to get a few days much needed rest, as both, horses and men are much jaded. Hundreds of campfires are burning to-night, the camp is ringing with shout and song, the boys all feeling happy over the success of the campaign." This was the hardest continuous ten days' riding and fighting in which the 2d Cavalry Division participated during the war, and the results were of the most satisfactory.

We had struck the Confederate Cavalry such a hard blow, under their most able and dashing leader, that Rosecrans in Chattanooga had no fears that his communication would be interrupted by another cavalry raid, and he felt secure. We remained in camp at Rogersville on the 10th, and on the 11th broke camp and marched by easy stages toward Chattanooga, reaching Paint Rock, Alabama, on the 19th, went into camp for a few days rest.

SUMMING UP LOSSES AND RESULTS.

The best evidence we have is from the reports of the different commanders at the time.

Crook stated in his report that his total loss, during the raid was, in killed and wounded, one hundred and eleven. Referring to the loss of the enemy, he stated that, "at the battle of Farmington the enemy left eighty-six of their dead and one hundred and thirty-seven wounded on the field, while many of their wounded were taken up by citizens." He gives the total loss of the enemy during the raid at upward of two thousand in killed, wounded and prisoners, and some of the officers in their reports estimated the loss at from twenty-five hundred to three thousand. In closing his report he pays a high tribute to the bravery and endurance of the officers and men of his command, as follows: "Notwithstanding the severe hardships and fatigue, under which the

men suffered, having but three days' rations in twenty days, many of them nearly naked and several times exposed to cold drenching rain, yet they never complained, but were always cheerful and ready for duty."

Extract from report of General R. B. Mitchell, commanding 1st Cavalry Corps, Decherd, Tenn., October 20, 1863: "I think the record of cavalry service, during the entire war, cannot show a more severe campaign than the one my command has just closed. There was scarcely an hour during the whole pursuit that the horses were unsaddled; for days and nights together the men were in their saddles, almost constantly on the march, and some days making as high as fifty-three and fifty-seven miles. Take again into consideration the fact that a greater part of the time the troops were out of rations, and our hasty movements giving them little or no time to forage on the country; that the nights were cold, the men without overcoats; I think the campaign challenges comparison with any service performed during the war. Yet, with all the severe duty and hardships necessarily devolving upon the men, they made not a murmur, but, on the contrary, seemed only anxious to do everything in their power to accomplish the object for which they had started, viz: to overtake, and, if possible, destroy the enemy's cavalry, and whenever we did succeed in reaching them, they proved that they were ready and competent to do this.

"The troops in the command did all that is possible for troops to do to second the endeavors of their commanders, and when I thank them, as I do, for the fatigue and gallant fighting which they did, I do it in all earnestness and sincerity, realizing their labors and sufferings."

General Mitchell gives the total losses in the 1st Cavalry Corps at 120. Of this number 110 in Crook's Division, 9 in the 1st Division, and 1 at headquarters. While the men of McCook's Division were just as anxious to get into fight as were Crook's men, yet they were not so fortunate in finding the enemy.

Extract from report of General D. S. Stanley, Chief of Cavalry: "At Farmington Crook captured five pieces of artillery and 700 prisoners, and the enemy's loss will amount to 2,000." "We have marched in six days 247 miles. We captured and burned \$52,000 worth of cotton belonging to the Confederate States Army."

CONGRATULATORY ORDER OF MAJOR GENERAL WM.
ROSECRANS, U. S. ARMY, COMMANDING DE-
PARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND.

"The brilliant pursuit of the enemy's cavalry under Wheeler, by the cavalry command of this army, especially Crook's Division and Stokes' Chicago Board of Trade Battery, which were foremost in the fight, deserve honorable mention. The general commanding thanks the cavalry, and particularly General Crook, with the officers and soldiers of his division, and of Stokes' battery, for their valuable services in this pursuit of the enemy, which resulted in driving him in confusion across the Tennessee River. He compliments them for inaugurating the new practice of coming to close quarters without delay." By command of Major-General Rosecrans, H. M. Cist, Lieutenant and Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

Extract from report of General George H. Thomas:

"This pursuit is unsurpassed for its energy and bravery and endurance of the officers and men engaged in it, and prevented the execution of an extensive plan of destruction of our communications, plunder, and murder throughout Middle Tennessee and Northern Alabama, in which Roddy and Lee were to co-operate with Wheeler." Wheeler had planned this raid on a grand scale and the results were no doubt very disappointing to him as well as to Bragg, the commander of the Confederate Army. Had he succeeded in repelling Crook and establishing his command on the railroad between Murfreesboro and Nashville, destroying the bridges and road between those points as well as toward Chattanooga, Rosecrans' army would have been in a critical situation. But in this he failed as he found, in Crook and Long, both Indian fighters of the Regular Army, "foemen worthy of his steel," and they foiled him at every move on the board with persistent energy, dash and fight. Had he been confronted with commanders that could not have anticipated his every plan and move, as did Crook, he might have succeeded, but Crook was master of the situation, and had the full confidence of his officers and men, and at Farmington, with less than half the men that Wheeler had in his command, swept him from the field.

All that Wheeler had to offset his great loss in men, was the destruction of a few hundred wagons, some government supplies, a few

small railroad bridges, which interrupted communication but for a few days, and did not disturb our army in the least.

Roddy crossed the Tennessee, and all the damage that he did, was to fill up a tunnel near New Market. General Mitchell, having received information of this movement, made a rapid march from Huntsville and struck Roddy's command on the evening of the 12th of October, and after a sharp fight, in a heavy rain storm, darkness coming on, Roddy succeeded in crossing the Tennessee. General Wheeler censured his subordinate commanders severely for the lack of discipline and cooperation to which he claimed his defeat was largely due. The story of the defeat, and demoralization of his command, is most graphically told by Col. Geo. B. Hodges, who commanded a Confederate brigade. He describes the running fight between Shelbyville and Farmington as follows in his report:

"Within 30 minutes a courier reached me from Colonel Clay, asking for re-inforcements, being ordered by General Davidson to lead them and to take command of the rear in person. I countermarched with my brigade, and was proceeding at a gallop with my command, back, when, ahead of me, I encountered the whole of Scott's brigade, crowded in frightful and horrible confusion, wild and frantic with panic, choking the entire road and bearing down upon me at racing speed. It was too late to clear the way; they rode over my command like madmen, some of them stopping only, as I am informed, when they reached the Tennessee. I was ridden over and my horse knocked down, but succeeded in extricating myself, and Captain Larmer's Company, 27th Va. Battery, which I threw into position behind a fence running at right angles with the road, and opened upon the enemy, who were fiercely charging the rear of the panic-stricken crowd. This company unhorsed and killed some 30 of the enemy who were in the leading files of the charging column, but was itself badly cut up, and its gallant captain sabered out of his saddle. The enemy were momentarily checked. I seized the opportunity to gallop ahead of the fugitives and extricate my own brigade from the disorderly mob; this I formed line with, and in some order received the now advancing enemy. He came on in heavy force and with determined obstinacy. General Davidson sent me word he was endeavoring to form a fresh line with Scott's brigade, to support, and instructed me to use my own discretion in the rear. The enemy, finding himself determinedly resisted, brought up three pieces

of artillery and commenced shelling my line. I could only reply with two mountain howitzers, and was compelled to fall back, forming fresh lines at intervals of about a quarter of a mile. Each of these he desperately charged, and upon being repulsed, commenced extending his flanks, which his numerical superiority enabled him to do, compelling me to form fresh lines in the rear and withdraw those he was enveloping.

For five hours and a half, over seven miles of country, the unequal contest continued. My gallant brigade was cut to pieces and slaughtered. I had informed the officers and men that the sacrifice of their lives was necessary, and they manfully made the sacrifice.

General Davidson could do nothing with the fugitives. I received no support, and at three o'clock, when with my bleeding and almost annihilated command I had formed my last line, the welcome order came from General Wheeler to fall back, as he was in position a quarter of a mile in rear with reinforcements. I passed at four o'clock through his lines into Farmington, but only to resume the retreat, when, at 5, the division he had placed in position was charged and broken by the enemy. Though much of my brigade, with its cannon, reached and crossed the Tennessee River at Muscle Shoals on October 9, one-third of my brigade had been destroyed. I have lost many of my best, gallant and efficient officers."

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